

Ladies' LITERARY OR, Museum's



Weekly Repository.

“ Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other.”

The Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

‘Surely an angel wrote the *Mysteries of Udolpho*,’ said Mr. Dob, the next day, with an emotion approaching to transport; ‘that book was never written by the hand of man.’ ‘You are right, it is not written by a man.’ ‘By whom, then? an angel, a divinity?’ ‘Much less, and much more, than all that; a woman, an English woman.’ ‘A woman!’ ‘Truly, a woman: you are surprised to see one of the fair sex quit rose-colored ribbons for such sombre ideas: this is a Protean age in which we live.’ ‘A woman! ah, my friend, if heaven would grant me *such* a daughter-in-law!—no, no; my fool of a son would prefer a little simpleton of a girl who had never entered the eastern turret, or the northern ramparts, or the cedar saloon, to an Emily who trots from castle to castle in search of adventures, like the knights-errant of yore; following a *bright star* which is sometimes over the turrets of Blangy, sometimes over the eastern wing of Udolpho; hearing every where a music in the air; seeing lights, monks, nuns, banditti, dead bodies, graves, poignards, soldiers, condottieri, precipices, bridges, wooden crosses by the road side, mountains, tempests, and *such* sun rises and sun sets! and—’ ‘Ah! for the love of heaven take

breath, my good friend, and let me observe, that your Emily is very *kind* to do so much for love of a Valancourt, who forgets her in the amusements of Paris, while she is at Udolpho surrounded by signors Montoni, Vezuzzi, Orsino, and co. who you must allow, are not the best company, any more than those ladies who could so well have been dispensed with, considering they are of no earthly use there. Come, acknowledge that Valancourt does not belie his country, and that his love is a mere gasconade.’ ‘Do you call gasconade the two shots in his arm; is that nothing?’ ‘Why truly those same pistol shots are of some use in forwarding the plot, I allow. I only should like to know, if both balls hit the same arm. There is one person in this story who greatly moves my pity: it is that poor mons. Dupont; he acts a melancholy part; after writing so many sonnets, and singing so many songs at midnight—’ But do you forget the indescribable pleasure with which he conducts his mistress to the arms of his rival, after having ‘shewn her the environs of 11 Leghorn, and walked with her on the quays crowded with people!’ he gets on better than Montoni, with whom it is the old proverb, great cry and little wool; for he finishes in four lines by falling into the hands of a lieutenant of Venetian troops, after having kept up, against a whole army, a siege which only serves to make Emily journey to the interior of

Tuscany, where she encounters a storm, hears a dispute between two villians, and draws sketches: that part of the romance is the reverse of the rest, for it relates trifling effects produced by great causes.' 'However, read next the Sicilian Romance, and tell me your opinion of that work.' 'My opinion is,' said Mr. Dob, after his perusal of the two volumes, 'that they deserve a distinguished place in my library: only imagine to yourself that besides the doors in common use, there are (in iron as well as other materials) no less than thirty-nine, for the express purpose of producing events; and out of that number I observed three which, unlike those of which one reads in other histories, are so constructed that they can only be opened on the outside; so that whosoever enters, finds himself——' 'In a mouse trap,' said Dubert. 'Exactly,' answered Mr. Dob, with emphasis: 'was there ever a more ingenious contrivance for detaining a personage? and when you add to this, two tempests, six caverns, seven flights, two mistakes, thirteen distant noises, nineteen tollings of bells, two convents, seven flights of steps, two bands of robbers, seventeen discoveries, and a half dozen trap doors, you may boast of knowing as much of these small volumes as either myself or the author.' 'Really,' said Dubert, laughing heartily, 'you profit greatly by your studies; and, in your abridgments, do more justice to the makers of wonderful adventures than most readers.'

Thus did Mr. Dob expatiate and remark on every work as he perused it: and now he had reached the bottom of his precious receptacle, and there alone remained unread, three small volumes; the first of which he now took in his hand, and continued to read till he had advanced a few pages; when he suddenly, to the amusement of the company, started from his seat, snatched up the two remaining volumes as if he feared they would escape him, and disappearing from the saloon, was seen no more that day. In vain did servant after servant knock at his bed-room door to acquaint him that dinner was served: he was as inflexible as a pretty woman who pouts with her lover. At length, towards the hour of supper, he appears: but his eyes are wild—but he is pale—but his steps are unsteady. Fatima rushing from the blue chamber, or the soldier flying from the presence of Marius, can alone be compared to the aspect of Mr. Dob—peaceful citizen of the Rue St. Honore Paris. When a few glasses of generous wine had somewhat calmed the perturbation which was so visible to every eye, his friends ventured to question him as to the cause of his being reduced to such an alarming condition.

'Truly,' exclaimed he, with that energy which a true feeling of the sublime alone can give, 'the Monk could only have been written with the very pen of iron which the devil presented to Ambrosio!—the pen with which Mahomet traced the letters of the Koran, although taken from the wing of the archangel Gabriel, would have been inadequate to the task!—never could adventures be invented of greater variety, or more wonderful; and could any one more completely disdain all restraints of *unity*, to which other writers have so foolishly submitted?—ah! they little knew the delights of reading three stories at a time instead of one! In all the elopements of the known world, not excepting that of Helen, did ever any one but Raymond carry off a spectre for a mistress? It is true, he soon wished to get rid of her, which would not have been so easily done, but for the wandering Jew, who so luckily wandered that way, in the very nick of time, with his *'little cross of fire in the middle of his forehead'*; and who delivered him from his nightly visitor in the simplest manner imaginable; it was only necessary to dig up the bones of the *bleeding nun* in the *Cavern of Lindenberg*, in the centre of Bavaria, and to carry them into Spain in a portmanteau. Can even the metamorphoses of Ovid be compared to those of Matilda, whom we find in the regular gradations of a Dominican novice, a woman, a sorceress, and finally a subaltern devil? No, nothing can bear comparison with all that!—then the catastrophe! who can in future dare hope to invent one which can surpass it? when the great Lucifer himself puts the finishing stroke to what was so happily begun by one of his inferiors. Let all pens be broken! all inkstands be overturned! *Posterity has nothing left to write!*'

CHAPTER III.

The merits of his favorite authors formed the constant conversation of Mr. Dob; who frequently declared to Dubert, that nothing could delight him more than to be himself the hero of some terrible adventures, similar to those of which he was so fond of reading. 'You would soon be tired,' said the young man, 'of passing, like 2 Alfred, a night in the western tower; or, like 3 Ferdinand, of visiting the late marchioness's apartments; or of going, like 4 Emily, into the room where died the marchioness: particularly as you would not, like mademoiselle St. Aubert, have the resource of touching a lute, whose strings, at the end of twenty years, still *sent forth a deep and full sound*, though it is acknowledged they were rather *out of tune*.' 'I do affirm,' exclaimed Mr. Dob, in a martial tone and attitude, which contrasted rather lu-

ush, may g
shade!

diculously with his little round *bourgeois* figure, 'I affirm, that I would pass a night in the chamber at the end of the corridor, just as readily as the count de Villfort; provided my son, who is quite as brave as Henri, would accompany me: and I assure you, that to-morrow morning at breakfast, I would not make such a mystery of having heard strange lamentations, without having dared to attempt a discovery from whence they proceeded.' Frequently did this subject occur in their conversations, and Dubert continued to call in question the bravery of Mr. Dob, could the latter be put to the test. Shortly after this, the society having all departed, Dubert one evening found himself with only Mr. Dob and his son. The lights, of which there happened to be but two, in the large saloon, had, in the ardour of conversation, been neglected—the long snuffs cast a pale and flitting light—the corners of the apartment were lost in shade—mirrors, placed in the recesses, reflected mournfully, rays which seemed almost expiring. Still seated at the supper table, Mr. Dob and Dubert, opposite to each other, were in eager discourse. Roger, leaning his head on his hands, seemed inclined to sleep. Mr. Dob still persisted that even the bleeding nun would fail to inspire him with terror: yet, while he affected great boldness, he cast at intervals some disturbed looks around the room; and had he dared would have called for more lights—vanity, which conquered fear, did not, however prevent him from occasionally endeavouring to make Roger take a share in the conversation. 'I declare one would think he had taken a suporific as strong as that swallowed by 6 d'Ormeville's servant at the house of the marchesa della Chiesa,' said he, in an angry tone. 'I believe that even the spectre, with his *red simar*, and his chafing-dish on his head,⁷ might appear, and he would not rouse.' Roger made some ineffectual attempts to awaken, but soon again sunk back, overcome with sleep. Dubert now began to betray some symptoms of uneasiness: now he turned his head frequently towards the door, now he stopped abruptly while speaking, he listened attentively, and then took up his discourse in a lower tone than before. 'I should not be so courageous, I confess,' said he at length in reply to one of Mr. Dob's gasconades: 'I must say I should hardly, like Emily, have thought of 'raising the black veil which overspread the 8 picture;' or, like Celestine, have searched the library for the portrait of the 9 hermit.'

[To be continued.]

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| 1. Mysteries of Udolpho. | 2. Grasville Abbey. |
| 3. Sicilian Romance. | 4. & 5. Myst. of Udolpho. |
| 6. & 7. Celestine. | 8. Mysteries of Udolpho. |
| 9. Celestine. | |

Three Duckings for Scolding.

Among the indictments found by the grand jury, was one against a woman as a 'common scold!' She was bound over to the next term to take her trial: the punishment for this offence, under the common law, we understand, is three duckings, by the hands of the sheriff. An eminent counsellor, however has offered to clear the prisoner, by satisfying the jury that she is not a common but an uncommon scold. This case, at all events holds out a serious admonition to xantipes.

Five Thousand dollars damages for slander.

At the last mayor's court, came on the case of miss Cynthia Van Cleef against W. G. Lawrence, for gross defamation of her character, in point of chastity. The evidence in her favor was direct and full to the purpose of proving the defamatory words, and of the malice with which they were spoken. Nothing, whatever, appearing in extenuation of the defendant's guilt in propagating a slander, of the grossest nature, respecting a young woman of irreproachable character, and unsullied by the breath of suspicion, the jury, notwithstanding the narrowness of his circumstances, (being a school-master at Brooklyn, with a wife and family dependant upon him,) gave a verdict of five thousand dollars damages; which, however, being 1000 more than what was laid in the declaration, was reduced accordingly. Too much praise cannot be given to the jury for thus marking, in this exemplary manner, this cruel, unmanly and atrocious slander.

Female Characteristics.

Women are the only beings who have not been degraded by slavery. In bondage, they are not sordid; under persecution, they are still generous; they preserve their faith to the faithless; they employ kindness to soften the cruel; in suffering they lose not benevolence; in the most afflictive trials, they possess magnanimity; their love of glory is founded on sympathy; excluded from power, privilege and distinction, they have enthusiasm for every great design, for every splendid achievement; their affections are purified from selfishness; they rejoice in diffusing joy, and are grateful for blessings in which they are not allowed to participate.

Query?

Is it criminal for a divine to enjoy innocent mirth; or must he think with the devotees of old, or the monks of La Trappe, that the Almighty intended us for no other purposes but to think and talk of death.

The Olio.

BY MARMADUKE MEDLEY, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.No. V.—*From the study of Marmaduke Medley, Esq.*

On a cold evening in the month of December last, when a bleak north-wester was raging without, the melancholy precursor of the approaching dreary season, the different members who now comprise the 'Olio,' (as has been their custom to do at least once or twice a week for several years) assembled in my antique study—It was then in the course of a desultory conversation, that the plan of the present papers was first projected. We have probably, with 'the unpremeditated gallantry of veterans,' embarked in a dangerous or unprofitable enterprise, and assumed to ourselves a very graceless office; be that as it may, having embarked, we still possess too much of the genuine spirit of '76 to withdraw from the contest, even were we inclined to do so. Altho but four of our numbers have been published, we have already experienced many of the pains and pleasures attendant on anonymous authors. We have had the consolation to hear our attempt spoken favorably of by those who wish us well, and the still higher gratification to hear ourselves ridiculed by brainless puppies, whose very praise would be a degradation; and on more than one occasion, have we with great difficulty restrained our propensity to risibility, (as a learned friend of ours terms laughter) on hearing the many *ingenious* and *pthy* remarks on our 'whim whams and opinions.' Notwithstanding the caution in our introductory number, conjecture is busy on the wing, and it was only the other day, that a delicate, sentimental young lady, just making her entree in the world, who is thought by her mamma, and other friends, to be a most enchanting divinity, a perfect nonpareil, but whose head, poor thing is already bewildered in the mazes of fashionable folly,—declared, in the presence of Lionel, that for her part she would not take the trouble to read such flimsy *thrash*, that she *knew* very well that they were written by some young *fellers*, who wished to shew their *witticisms*. A loud laugh followed this beautiful extemporaneous effusion, in which Lionel joined, but he laughed at the *witticism*, not the *wit*. We beg leave to assure Miss Belinda, that altho we may in some instances retain all the fire and enthusiasm of youth, we are far from being beardless boys.

I might, in imitation of Richard Cumberland, general Wilkinson, and other great characters, literary and military, write my own memoirs without being in much danger of incurring the imputation of egotism. That task, however, I shall confide to another perhaps abler pen, and relying upon every justice being done me, proceed to delineate the characters of my worthy coadjutors, commencing with Timothy Syllabub, esq. P. L. &c. &c.

This gentleman, claims to be lineally descended from the celebrated poet of that name, of whom such honorable mention is made by Goldsmith. The forty-ninth anniversary of our friend's birthday, has found him like many other famous writers, on the 'first floor down the chimney,' and in this residence which he jocularly terms his 'attic watch tower,' is he likely to remain sometime, altho not so much from necessity, as choice, and an attachment to old habits. Of the early years, and 'boyish days' of our friend we know but little, neither did we ever hear of any portentous omens attendant on his nativity. Endued with a restless and erratic disposition, he early commenced his peregrinations; after sustaining many 'hair breadth 'scapes,' and 'moving accidents by flood and field,' and having overrun more countries than ever did ancient or modern hero, he came here a total stranger, poor and friendless. Yet his amiable temper and the courtesy and urbanity of his manners, soon acquired him the esteem and acquaintance of many worthy personages. In disposition a second Roger De Coverly, he is the delight of all who know him, and we laugh with no 'counterfeited glee, at all his jokes.' But even in his gayest moments, we have known him drop a tear over the remembrance

'Of joys that faded like the morning dew'—

Around this part of his story he has drawn a veil of impervious secrecy, and we respect the delicacy of his feelings too much to intrude on their privacy. Syllabub, however, with all his good qualities is not a little eccentric, and 'woefully subject to thick coming fancies;' and when under the dominion of those feelings, he indulges in ideas and whims, more wild and speculative, than ever did the philosophic sage of Monticello. Mountains of salt, are but mole hills to the coinage of his brain. Once when under the influence of this hypochondriac affection, he lived two months on brimstone to try its effects on the human system. The result

of this experiment we could never learn, for Tim winces like a galled jade whenever the joke is hinted to him, and almost curses his own folly in having betrayed himself. Like his celebrated prototype, 'Will Wizard,' and in common with most travellers, he has acquired the habit of smoaking intolerably, and it is as dangerous to descend a well without previously letting down a lighted candle, as to enter Tim's garret without taking the precaution of having the windows opened; especially, when he has been thinking of 'the days that are gone.' We are none of those cynics who condemn smoaking in toto, indeed we are rather favorably inclined towards the comforts of a glass and a cigar, so far as they tend to promote sociability; but whenever a man indulges too freely, either in the one, or the other, we are apt to exclaim with the Irishman in the farce of Mrs. Wiggins, 'take it in moderation, my jewel.'

MARMADUKE MEDLEY.

MR. LEWIS,

In your paper of the 31st inst. I observed an article signed Anti-Carraboo, in which a subject of the greatest importance is discussed with, I think, too much levity. I agree with your correspondent in his opinion of the utility of the Lancasterian system, when taught agreeably to the principles of the inventor, and am very desirous they should be widely disseminated, and I believe with him, that in this, as well as other branches of science, there are numerous impostors.

Two teachers, Messrs. E. and B. have commenced in this city, each of whom claims the pre-eminence. Both produce documents, certifying their capacity, which are apparently genuine; and yet, strange to tell, they mutually accuse each other of teaching contrary to the true Lancasterian system. They have found supporters who advocate their individual cause, and the dispute has arrived to so great length that in an appeal to a magistrate concerning the tuition of a scholar, the capacity of one of the teachers was demonstrated to be very superficial.

There appeared, lately, in the True American an account of this trial, in which several circumstances have transpired hitherto not generally known. Lancaster, himself, is represented as being very illiterate, and not capable of putting into execution the plans he had formed !...that he did

not understand common grammar, and never intended his system to extend further than the lower branches of education. The same appeared, by evidence on this trial, to be the case with Mr. E. one of the Philadelphia teachers. Various testimonials of incapacity were adduced, and the defendant's attorney has not scrupled to publish them in detail.

It is unfortunate that a system, which undoubtedly is of the utmost utility, should be brought into disrepute by the ignorance, the jealousies or avarice of pretended teachers. Many persons begin to waver in their opinion of the practicability of teaching according to the professed principles. This is a palpable error, as the experience of thousands can testify both in this and foreign countries. That Lancaster never intended its application to the higher branches of education, I firmly believe, and, whether it can be properly applied to them I am inclined to doubt.

Your correspondent mentions that economy was a 'main principle' in the original institution. That certainly was the case, and I am sorry to observe that it is not so in the Lancasterian schools of Philadelphia. The charges for entrance, tuition, &c. far exceed those of other schools in this city.

However, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and, I hope that parents will observe attentively the progress or *regress* of their children, and encourage only those who merit patronage by their talents and industry.

SENEC.

Madame de Montespan possessed considerable presence of mind, and improved circumstances as they occurred. Being compelled one day to travel with the court, in the carriage with mad. de Maintenon, who she justly viewed as her rival, 'don't let us act like fools, said she, in this affair: we will chat, as tho we had no cause of difference; understanding, that we love one another no better for it: when we return, we will take up our quarrel again.' Which accordingly happened!

Mad. de Fontanges was extremely attached to Louis XIV. One day that mad. de Maintenon exhorted her to shake off an affection which would only occasion her considerable chagrin; she observed, 'you tell me to lay aside a passion as you would tell me to lay aside a dress.'

If you forget God when you are young, God may forget you when you are old.

Visiting a la Mode.

By an elderly Lady.

That the true art of visiting lies in pleasing and being pleased, or if this cannot be, in endeavouring to please and in seemingly to be pleased, is a position that must be allowed by all. True genuine good nature is the best rule to direct persons how to make visits agreeable; but where that in wanting, politeness will do much toward supplying its place: and even where good nature is found, politeness contributes much to set it off; for how much more agreeable is the behaviour of two or three well-bred ladies at their needles, or over a cup of tea, than the romping and bawling of as many buxom lasses, without any more breeding than geese or parrots.

That good-nature, or its substitute, politeness, is absolutely necessary to the pleasure of a visit, I think will never be questioned by any who have been in company with two ladies of my acquaintance, whose character and manners of behaviour are in many respects a contrast to each other. I shall describe them both.

Letitia has been married about ten years, and has a pretty parcel of children round her, who, by her admirable management, greatly contribute to heighten the pleasure of her visitors. She is a lady of perfect good-nature, easy, free, and genteel. She receives you with a smile that speaks a more pleasing language than the brightest compliment from the most practised courtier, and is unaffectedly glad to see you; which she expresses not in a multitude of words, but in all the gentleness and delicacy of true benevolence. She had learned the art of improving time to the best advantage; and, therefore, is never idle in company. She does entertain you with common small-talk, but always has something solid or rational to furnish the topic, enlivened, at every proper turn, with delicate strokes of humour—not fantastic—for she has a tender regard to characters, and is never guilty of traducing a person whose name happens to be mentioned; but, on the contrary, if any thing be hinted to the disadvantage of the absent, she is always ready with a candid apology, to excuse or palliate, even when she cannot justify. She is not fond of imposing her opinion, but modestly takes opportunity of a silent interval, to make some ingenious observation, or propose some query which shall give others occasion to speak,

and herself the pleasure of seeming to be a learner, though fully able to instruct. The repast she provides you is wholesome and elegant, free from ostentation and unattended by excuses. You are urged no more than decency requires, and your declining what is offered, is looked upon to be the effect of your own judgement and prudence. Nothing is insisted on; but you are at perfect liberty to regale yourself as you please. I never visit her without discovering some agreeable trait in her character which I knew not before. Her modest merit would seek concealment; but it is so void of artifice, that it cannot fail of being seen in the garb of sincerity. The hours are always so short in her company, that I never need be urged to stay beyond the proper season; and indeed she appears to have so good an opinion of my understanding, as to think I am best capable of judging when my affairs call me home; but I never leave her without an increased relish for her conversation.

Laura is a lady somewhat more advanced in years, is mistress of a well ordered family, a good economist, very neat, very sensible, and really means to treat her company with respect; but partly for want of a natural softness of disposition, and partly for want of being early in life used to polite company, she can neither give nor receive so much pleasure as Letitia. When you come in, she is glad to see you, and wonders you did not come sooner. Such inquiries after your health with as much earnestness as your physician, and insists upon knowing how every one of your family does by name. If you happen to wear a black ribband, she is in agony to know what friend you have lost; and though it be only a second cousin, she condoles with you in the most melancholy accents, and with a forehead as wrinkled as a woman of fourscore. The same unaccountable earnestness leads her to pry into your domestic affairs, and give her advice on every subject of family management; and the next time she sees you, to inquire whether you have followed her directions. If she happen to come into a room where two persons are talking, she inquires what is the topic of their discourse; or if they cease speaking at her entrance, she suspects they have been talking against her. If there be any gentlemen present, and they are engaged in ever so rational and profitable conversation, she will not suffer any body to listen to them, but enjoys them in a party with her, upon the subject of fashions or scandal. When she sits down to dinner or tea,

she finds fault with the servant, before the company, for the most trifling omission. She forces you to eat or drink beyond your inclination, or else takes it for granted that you dislike the provisions, and wishes it had been better. If you assure her ever so often that it is exceeding good, and perfectly agreeable, she will not give you the least credit; for, 'she is sure that actions speak louder than words.' When you rise to go away, she is concerned at your hurry; and asks whether you came to fetch fire. She is sure it is time enough yet; it will be more agreeable by and by; the moon will be up an hour hence—and the like. If you should be over-persuaded to stay, and sit upon thorns an hour longer, you have no credit for your compliance; because, 'you might as well stay another quarter of an hour;' and the same answers are repeated, or new ones invented, when you rise the second time. When you are in earnest and determined to go, she will try to extort from you the promise of a longer visit next time; and if you attempt excuses, she will answer them with all the fluency of a barrister eager to gain his cause. In short, it is extremely difficult to get clear of her, without telling a downright lie: and, for this reason, I seldom visit her. When I happen to pass by her door without calling, I am sure to be blamed for slighting her; if I meet her abroad, I am always examined where I am going, and often suspected of having a greater regard for some other person than herself.

The design of Laura, in thus plaguing her friends, is to make them think she has a great regard for them,—is glad to see them, and unwilling to be absent from them,—that she really has a regard for them, I cannot doubt; but surely, such ways of showing it are extremely disagreeable. I had almost rather be without her friendship than enjoy it on such terms. Yet Laura has valuable accomplishments. Her industry and economy have saved hundreds of pounds for her husband; and her family always makes a respectable figure in society. What a pity it is that a lady of so much consequence to her own family should not be more agreeable to her acquaintance!

But I will not take up any more room in your miscellany. Your readers will judge whether my observations are of any importance. If they are amused with them I shall be glad; and if not, I have this to comfort me, that I am not the first writer of my sex, who has been censured for impertinence.—[Dessert.]

A.

[By our Letter-Box.]

To a handsome and well-educated Lady, fond of talking, who desired the author's sentiments on "loquacity in a female."

On Pegasus's back, so says the old story,
The poets attain'd to the summit of glory;
With ease to the top of Parnassus they flew,
And there, their rapt visions from heaven they drew.
But he's dead, or he's gone; he's not to be found,
On the hills, in the vales, or in woodlands around.
Then on foot I will venture to creep up the hill,
Tis the Fair that commands,—*my law is her will!*
A Woman with wit and with sentiment blest,
With virtue and modesty join'd,
Delight can impart to each generous breast,
Transport and improve every mind.
When eloquence, sparkling like dews on the field,
And enchanting as Philomel's lay,
Is display'd by the Fair, we instantly yield,
And resign our hearts to her sway.
When the goddess of science has taken her seat,
In the breast of some favorite Fair;
And the Graces, to render the figure complete,
Have attended, and finish'd her air:
To such a dear nymph we can listen with pleasure,
In rapture could pass the whole day;
Nor loquacity blame where find we such treasure,
Whate'er prudish matrons may say.
But should some dull cynic with scorn wrinkled brow
Say on earth no such female can be;
I will pity the wretch—he has curses enow—
He knows not the charming M. G.

W.E.H.

SONNET TO THE RIVER ****.

O! stream below'd! within whose gelid caves,
The Naiads sport the fervid noontide hour!
What bliss was mine, when, in thy native bow'r,
I sung my simple sonnet to thy waves.

Thy rocks romantic, and thy woods sublime,
Where erst the Druid watcht the sacred oak,
And the rapt Bard his lyre prophetic struck,
Fill'd the rough cadence of my artless rhyme.

When vernal suns dissolv'd the mountain snow,
And all the nymphs were frighted from thy shore;
I lov'd to see thy flood majestic flow,
And hear thy bold resistless current roar.

But, now! far from thy banks, I, hapless, rove,
The slave of fair MELISSA and of LOVE!

BENEDICT.

"SONG....*'Adown in the kitchen!*" Or, *'Adown by
yon banks!*"....TRAVESTY."

O, I first saw the girl who was vexed at my wooing,
Adown in the kitchen where dish-cloths are spread;
Twas there her pot-liquor, my boldness subduing,
First taught me the grease of a kitchen to dread:
Twas there she bawl'd loudly, my senses entrancing,
Till scarce I perceiv'd how her ire was advancing,
For kettles and pans on my head were all dancing,
Adown in the kitchen where dish-cloths are spread.

I strove to disarm her, but how could I hurt her,
Adown in the kitchen where dish-cloths are spread;
She swore she would die if I did not desert her,
And that was no place to be caught with the dead!
At parting she scoff'd, and she gave such a frown too,
That I really believe I was near falling down too;
If she will be silent, my lips shall be bound too,
Adown in the kitchen where dish-cloths are spread.

— DEL TOBOSO.

To Miss *****

The flower you took from your bosom of love,
And gave with a smile of enchantment to me,
Would flatter faint hopes, and despair far remove,
If hopes I but dared to encourage for thee.

But my reason at once must the idea remove,
That you cherish the buds of affection for me;
For he that can dare e'en to hope for your love,
Must be worthy of Heav'n to be worthy of thee!

How vain then to think this sweet rose you convey'd,
As an emblem of love, from your bosom to mine:
No, no, it shall never, no never, be said,
That Hubert (presumptuous!) once thought to be thine!

O, thgn, as a mark of your friendship, I'll keep
The flower you gave me, so sparkling with dew;
And it safe in my bosom forever shall sleep,
A memento of love and affection for you.

— HUBERT.

CHARITY AND HOSPITALITY.

True Charity ensures the love of God,
And Hospitality the love of man;
Virtues which guide to Heaven's blest abode,
And find eternal bliss for life's short pain!

Then, blest the man! whose wide extended doors
Receive the stranger, houseless and forlorn!
Then, blest the man! whose freely-given stores
Feed the poor wretch, from home and plenty torn!
For Heav'n delights, and is well-pleas'd, in those
Who live not merely for themselves alone;
But speak, move, act, and feel, for others' woes—
Mutual helpers thro' "God's will be done!"

THE TRAVELLER.

Simfison's and Holmead's Farms.

TO MIRA.—(Extempore.)

As round the sun, the world in circles moves,
Nor from its orbit e'er eccentric roves;
So does my heart, to its own center true,
Play round yourself, and only beat for you. W.E.H.

EDITOR'S DIARY.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1818.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the rev. E. S. Ely, Mr. Isaac Newton to Miss Doratea Smit. At Louisville, K. Mr. Th. R. West, of this place, to Miss Matilda Booth.

Of all professions, perhaps that of an Auctioneer requires the greatest volubility of tongue. It ought not then to be a wonderment, that this respectable class of our citizens, frequently murder the English with Irish weapons! The other day, one of these loquacious knights of the hammer, intending to say, we have many of 250 and 500, but only a few of 1000, cigar boxes, said we have only a few *thousand dollar* boxes! Soon after, showing a remnant of handsome muslin, and frequently praising it as very "elegant," some persons observed that there was not sufficient to make a lady's dress: O, says he, there is just the quantity to make any *elegant lady* a dress! These two blunders put the whole company in spirits, and raised their bids at least fifty per cent.

A droll comparison was lately related to us by one of our literary friends. A person observed a lady lamenting bitterly the loss of her husband, and endeavored to pacify her. A by-stander remarked, that her grief was like a log of green wood, which burns at one end, while it oozes at the other.

Our friend also reminded us of some very curious names, for which their owners may thank the eccentricity of their father. A man in England, named Ball, had three sons, whom he had baptised Cannon, Musket, and Pistol. Another, having a natural son, named him Nebuchadnezzar, in allusion to the practice of sending such children to the country, which introduced the expression of being sent to grass. Names equally odd, lately appeared in a marriage notice, in an eastern paper, viz: Mr. Athanasius Cummins to Miss Atlantic Ocean Wilmor.

In a late French periodical work, conducted with extraordinary editorial ability, we smiled with considerable satisfaction, at the following conceit: A restaurateur in Paris, near the Palais-Royal, affixed a sign over his door, on which was painted an ox, with an elegant chapeau on his head, a large cashmere shawl over his shoulders, and a reticule suspended to his neck, and underneath was inscribed in large letters "*beef a la mode!*"

By a late order of the Dey of Algiers, all men above 20 years of age, must marry, or suffer the punishment of the bastinado. Query? Would not a similar law gratify the hearts of many disconsolate old maids on this side the Atlantic?

By London papers we learn, that a daughter of the celebrated Mary Ann Clark, is to be married to a wealthy baronet of the kingdom.

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